

ELEGY

Upon the Death of that

WORTHY GENTLEMAN

Collonel Edward Cook

Who departed this Life the 29th of January. 1683.

TIS *Vertue* which alone supports the *whole*,
For without that the World's without a Soul,
Most certain then, as that grows faint and weak,
Th' eternal Chain decays; at last must break:
When great *Cooke* fell the Jarring Links did twang,
And Nature sigh'd as if she felt the Pang:
Nor is it strange, — for *Vertue* was his guide,
With him it flourish'd, and with him it dy'd;
Not all — some Lagging Atoms yet remain,
To guard Mankind, and prop the sinking Frame.

In War he was nurs'd up, Arms his delight;
Gentle in Peace, and Terrible in Fight:
Death he had seen in various shapes, but none
Cou'd move him to be fearfull of his own:
Nor did old Age abate the Martial Flame,
'Twas always great, and always was the same.

His *Charity* did equally extend
To cherish the distress'd and serve his Friend.
When he did good (and who his Life surveys,
Will find he did delight in't all his Days.)
'Twas for the sake of good, and not for Praise.
Great though he was, yet he was lowly too;
Meekness gains more repute than Pride can doe.
Restless Ambition ne're his Thoughts employ'd;
Peace and Content he fought, and those enjoy'd.
Vertue he priz'd, though 'twere in Rags enshrin'd;
He look't not on the Person but the Mind.
His Judgment was unbyast, firm and strong,
His Conversation pleasant, gay and young;
But then his Mirth was still from folly free,
And such as Nuns without a blush might be.

And, as when *Tygers* range the Woods for Prey,
And chance to meet a *Lion* in their way,
Straight they forget their rage, and learnt t' obey;
So Atheous men, though they blasphem'd before,
Aw'd with his presence, blush't and said no more:
For *Piety* was still his constant Guest,
And found its full Perfection in his Breast.

Such was his Life — and now his Death we'll shew,
His Death, the greater wonder of the two!
For when the fatal Pangs were drawing on,
And the last Sands were eager to be gone,
When all his Friends lay drown'd in Tears of Grief,
Wishing, but yet despairing of Relief;
Ev'n he alone his *Change* with Patience bore,
Like all the Changes of his Life before;
And with a *Cheerfulness* too great to tell,
A *Cheerfulness* that does all thought excell,
At his last gasp he cry'd, *I me well! I me well!*
Then dy'd, easie as Infants drop asleep;
Wit, *Vertue*, Valour, for your *Darling* weep!

O Pity, Pity that some abler Quill
Had not perform'd his Praise with greater skill;
And in a happy, high, immortal strain,
Preserv'd his *Vertues* sacred with his Name;
That Fame to late Posterity might tell,
No *Hero* ever liv'd and dy'd so well.

The E N D. 158.